

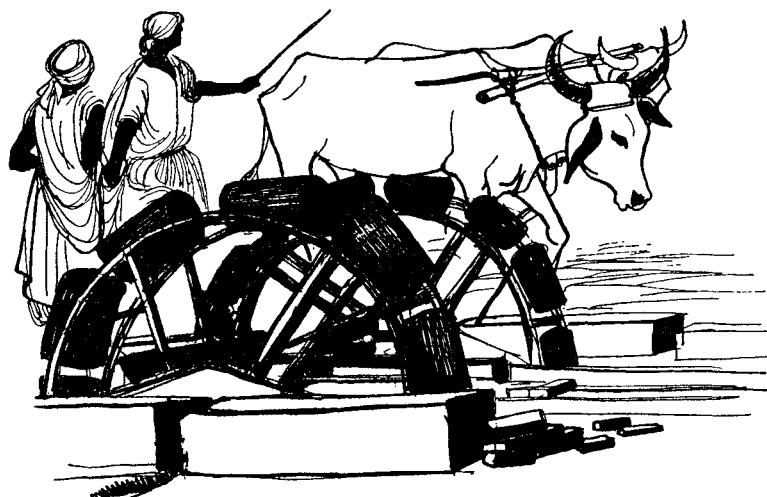
THE POLITICAL USES OF PEACE

— Gunnar D. Kumlien

THE
Commonweal

AN AMERICAN IN ASIA

by **Chester Bowles**



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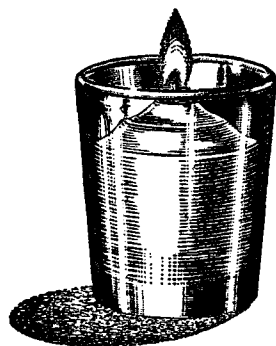
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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE DEFINITION OF PEACE

THE unanswerable question this week is whether peace means peace or peace means war. There are good reasons for each definition. Knowledgeable British opinion as well as that of some Russian emigres says that Malenkov may mean a variety of genuine peace. Their theory is that Malenkov heads a Moscow faction, dominant for the moment, which favors at least limited cooperation with the West. The strange episode of the Moscow doctors is convincing evidence of factional struggle. Presumably, if Malenkov is given some encouragement by the West, and pressures on the Soviet Union are not increased, his new plan will be vindicated and we may conceivably see the beginning of the end of Communist Russia as we know it.

Theory two, the more general Washington reaction, holds that Russian policy-makers are still united, and explains the peace offensive as tactical maneuvering. It says that the Soviets hope to paralyze European union, divide the optimistic British from the skeptical Americans, and influence the Allies to slow down rearmament. The most recent developments in Indochina add weight to this pessimistic theory. The Viet Minh Communist leaders are anything but conciliatory. They announce that they intend to carry revolution to Laos and Cambodia, Indochinese states bordering on Thailand. The spring offensive of the Communists appears aimed at breaking through Laos to Thailand, and if it is successful, the Thais and the Burmese will be in trouble. This is an odd way to wage peace. The Viet Minh strategy was in large measure planned by the Chinese, with undoubted assistance from Moscow. The question is whether the Reds in Indochina are victims of their own momentum.

Fortunately for us, we do not have wholly to understand what the Russians are saying to answer them. It is possible to set out the lines of a policy which will allow for both theories.

First of all, we should be willing to negotiate on any realistic proposal the Russians make. If they really mean peace, as Webster defines it, we must give them the opportunity. This is no time for

the 1953 varieties of unconditional surrender. We must allow room for Russian nationalism and avoid sweeping demands (no matter how admirable their ends) which by asking the impossible may drive the blinking Russian back into his Kremlin hole. If the Soviet state is truly cracking, we can afford to watch and wait a little longer. The real test Washington awaits is settlement in Austria. If the Russians mean business there, we can go on with hope to talk of Germany and genuine disarmament, for in signing an Austrian peace treaty, the Soviet Union would be giving a great deal, and gaining little. She would lose her direct influence on the Austrians, and would be expected to withdraw Soviet troops from Roumania and Hungary where they now supposedly protect her lines of communication. Settlement in Korea would be ambiguous, since the Communists are losing as much there as are we. But settlement in Austria would be a hard and meaningful concession by the Russians.

Equally important for the West at this crucial and exciting time, are strength and renewed cooperation. Mr. Charles Wilson's proposals for a smaller "mobilization base" came at an incredibly bad moment. If the Russians have changed not their mind but their line, they could hardly ask for more than an easing-off of American rearmament, with its psychological echoes throughout the world. We need to continue rearmament, and press harder and more hopefully for the integration of Europe. Success in those two fields will give all of us protection if we need it, and much better bargaining leverage if the Russians want settlement.

IN Europe as in Asia we are against the greatest test of our intelligence and foresight we have faced since 1945. We Americans have not been famous for our ability to be moderate in foreign policy. And now we are on a slippery path between truculence and supineness—equally dangerous. Mr. Dulles' short-lived terms for Korean settlement sounded like an intelligent approach to bargaining in Asia. It is a pity that he threw them away.

This is no time for vacillation in the State Department or retrenchment in Defense. We may be in for months or a few years of negotiated stalemate, or we may be seeing dawn light splintering the too-long night. Having come this far, we must go a little further.

MISSION TO LATIN AMERICA

EVER since the possibility of landings in South America by Hitler's victorious legions went glimmering, our interest in Latin America has waned. In the postwar years the other American republics have had to be content with a subsidiary place. For defense of the free world clearly depended on defense of the productive facilities and the cultural values of Western Europe. That was the orientation of the Marshall Plan. The Korean War has tended to throw Latin America even farther into the background.

A new assessment of the importance of the other Americas is now in order. To begin with, South American oil fields and mines for strategic metals comprise a major element at this stage of the armaments race. The role of the Latin American delegates to the UN has been steadily growing. Strategically the Canal Zone and Central America today have more importance than in 1946.

The tangible reasons for our self-interest in the well-being and good will of the nations of the other Americas are weighty ones. There are also broader

considerations. The fate of Latin America is an index to the prospect for the peoples in other underdeveloped lands if Western democratic ideals should prevail. These are peoples still emerging from a servile, colonial status. Here are rich natural resources yet widespread human poverty, disease and illiteracy. Here are democratic political forms with Christian traditions and—in at least half the Latin American countries—outright military dictatorships. Throughout the southern sector of our hemisphere there exists unparalleled opportunity to build up a new and more secure way of life.

The United States inevitably has the leading role in any such program; our self-interest, our proximity, our know-how, our common political ideals all point to the development of the Good Neighbor policy to the fullest extent. What does this mean in practical terms? One of the very first elements is the extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements program, which was instituted by Cordell Hull with Latin America primarily in mind. That is a matter confronting the Eisenhower Administration in the next few weeks.

Another of the required steps is a marked expansion of the Point IV program—particularly in such fields as improved farming techniques, industrialization, land reform, better status for the worker and public health. Essential in any such effort is a big increase in private investments and the programs of private welfare agencies throughout Central and South America.

Since wars and rumors of wars in other parts of the globe have resulted in comparative neglect of the other Americas, the good will and fact-finding mission of Dr. Milton Eisenhower comes at a highly propitious moment. His interest in agricultural, economic and educational matters makes his selection by the President a particularly happy one. The importance of his mission can scarcely be exaggerated.

NEXT WEEK

VANNA PHILLIPS writes of her interview with the fabulous mayor of Florence.

Asked about his objective of a house and a canary for every citizen (with a canary in every window of the public dormitory), "Mayor La Pira replied: "Yes, strange as it may sound, I believe that the song of a simple sweet little bird like the canary rests the mind and disposes the heart to goodness. Statesmen should have them in their offices, generals in their tents. A lot of trouble would be averted if before taking important decisions they listened for a few moments to these inspiring little birds.' . . . I remembered hearing of a hot discussion recently between La Pira and a fellow official who felt that 'a house and a job' was slogan enough without adding any feathered complications."

MORE INVESTIGATIONS?

THE problem as one group of distressed citizens sees it is simply Communist infiltration—in the government, the schools, even the churches. As another group, equally anti-Communist, sees it, the problem is complicated by the fact that in saving our liberty we run the danger of losing our liberties.

The university classroom by definition is a place where no idea, good or bad, is alien; the American pulpit is a place traditionally immune from political interference. For the first time within memory there is a widespread feeling that both should be subject to Congressional investigation. If there are Com-

munists in the universities and in the churches, the argument goes, they should be found out; let the investigators—which is to say the McCarthys and the Veldes—go in and find out. The Catholic Bishop of San Diego said recently—and several local Protestant clergymen agreed with him—that there is no reason why the church as well as other organizations should object to a “searching investigation regarding Communist infection.” Others see solid reasons why the university and the church should resist Congressional investigation, as a matter of principle.

Dr. Sidney Hook has made a famous distinction between political conspiracy and political heresy. To exterminate the former is the duty of the government; to tolerate the latter is an equally grave duty in our democracy. But the question remains: when is heresy conspiratorial? how do you draw the line between a heretic and a conspirator?

Where government employees are involved, theoretically at least, reasonable doubt about loyalty is sufficient. The government has no obligation to hire anyone, and it does have a duty to protect the state from subversion. But what are the government's rights and duties in regard to private universities and churches? To justify investigation as self-protective, the state would have to establish that a conspiracy was being carried out in the classroom or in the pulpit, not merely that unacceptable ideas were being put forth there. In the latter case, the suppression of political “heresy” belongs to the university or the church itself; their action has to be determined by their willingness to conform to public opinion.

The question, therefore, is whether the presence of Communists on faculties and among the clergy is enough to establish that the professor *qua* professor and the clergyman *qua* clergyman are engaged in conspiracy. If so, and the universities and the churches are being used for conspiratorial ends, then a full-scale Congressional investigation, however dangerous the precedent, might be justified. But American universities and churches being what they are, their use as centers of conspiracy seems highly improbable.

This is not to deny that some few professors and some few clergymen may have engaged or still be engaged in political conspiracy. A shrewd Senator McCarthy in Italy a couple of years ago might have uncovered a Father Alighiero Tondi, whose loyalty to Communism was unknown to his Jesuit confreres at the Gregorian University. But even on the possible chance that another Father Tondi might be discovered at Georgetown, we hesitate putting approval upon the Congressional investigators moving in on either that university or on the

Society of Jesus. The precedent is too dangerous.

EXIT OF MR. KENNAN

THE return of George F. Kennan to private life at a time when his great talents would be most useful in coping with the new twists of the cold war is an unhappy result of party politics. It can hardly be ascribed to the fact that he is a *persona non grata* in Moscow. It is not likely that his differences with Secretary Dulles (he also had had important differences with Dean Acheson) fully explain the Administration's failure to appoint him to some responsible post.

If editorials in the nation's press tended to praise him for his sizable accomplishments, most of them shed few tears over his departure. Comment for the most part followed the line that somehow the period of containment is over and the period of liberation has begun. Hence the architect of the containment policy has to move on.

This is specious reasoning. It assumes a degree of Allied strength and an anti-Communist shift to the offensive in the cold war that do not bear examination. It assumes further that a man who sets up a policy to meet a specific set of circumstances will hang onto that rigid policy no matter what develops—even though Mr. Kennan time and again demonstrated his competence, foresight and understanding of the shiftings of the Kremlin. The editorials on his retirement after twenty-seven years of distinguished public service provide disheartening examples of the kind of fuzzy thinking that ensues in the atmosphere of political debate. Of greater immediate importance is the weakening of our State Department at the very time new Soviet tactics call for the considered judgments of its most capable men.

WELCOME TO "JUBILEE"

THE appearance of the first issue of *Jubilee*, a pictorial monthly, should be a source of encouragement to all those concerned with the future of the American Catholic press. The significance and range of its content go with the new standards it sets in format; its layout, type and featured illustrations bear comparison with the most attractive of its secular contemporaries. *Jubilee* begins its career with a printing of fifty thousand copies. Charter subscriptions which include one share of stock are five dollars for the first year. *Jubilee's* offices are located at 377 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

SPEAKING OF POLICIES

I WANT to remind people that Catholic power in America is foreign power in order to make them realize that it is also undemocratic power. The mere fact that it is foreign is no reasonable cause for opposition, but if men can appreciate its foreign character it will be easier to convince them of the undemocratic nature of those intolerant policies which are imposed upon American Catholics by fiat, segregated education, unplanned parenthood, discriminatory marriage and denominational censorship." So writes Mr. Paul Blanshard in his letter to *The Commonweal* [April 10].

This looks to me like a remarkable admission that Mr. Blanshard is willing to play upon nativist feelings in order to win support for his thesis about the Catholic Church. But leaving that aside, there seems here to be an understanding of American democracy such as to make one wonder whether it is the Church or Mr. Blanshard that lovers of political freedom should fear. "Segregated education," "discriminatory marriage" and "denominational censorship" will have to wait for future discussions. This column is meant to be no more than a look at Mr. Blanshard's proposition that "Catholic power's" "policy" of "unplanned parenthood" is of its nature "undemocratic."

Mr. Blanshard's constant use of the words "Catholic power" and "policies" to describe the Church and the Church's teachings is a slippery business. It is a semantic device to cover up the fact that Mr. Blanshard is attacking religious beliefs and a religious body. In the same way an earlier generation of American nativists used "Romanism."

If I may be so bold as to strip the statement of its semantic effects then, when Mr. Blanshard speaks of "Catholic power's" "policy" of "unplanned parenthood" as being undemocratic, what he means is that the Catholic Church cannot be reconciled with American democracy as long as it teaches that mechanical or chemical contraception is against the law of God.

Mr. Blanshard says that the Church must be "democratized." How is that to be done in this case? Presumably the Church will be "democratized" only when (1) it states that it does not really know what the law of God is; or (2) when it agrees with Mr. Blanshard that contraception is *not* against the law of God; or (3) when it says that it doesn't really matter very much one way or the other. American Catholics will be good "democrats" when they stop listening to their Church and listen to Mr. Blanshard; when they start "planning" their families, which is to say when they start using contraceptives.

Perhaps it is not the fact that the Church is a moral teacher which bothers Mr. Blanshard but that its moral teachings are "imposed by fiat." American Catholics,

like Catholics the world over, believe that the Church speaks on moral matters with divine authority. They also believe that to break the moral law is to disobey God Almighty. This latter belief is shared by all religious people, and perhaps by Mr. Blanshard himself. Where he disagrees is that the Catholic Church has the divine authority to say what is or is not against the law of God.

But is agreement with Mr. Blanshard's theological opinions to be the test of an American's "democracy?" Are Catholic Americans to be ostracized from patriotic society because they believe as they do about the origin, nature and divine authority of their Church—or when they act on that belief, even in the privacy of their own bedrooms? As a husband and the father of six "unplanned" children, I would like to keep Mr. Blanshard's political tests out of my bedroom.

I would also like Mr. Blanshard to stop measuring my patriotism according to how I agree or disagree with his theology and with his ideas about the way I should form my conscience. I don't know how Mr. Blanshard forms his conscience; it's none of my business. But neither is it Mr. Blanshard's business if Catholics choose to accept their Church's teaching on contraception and to act on it.

What Mr. Blanshard does here is make belief in contraception ("planned parenthood") into an article of the democratic faith. Whether or not a man believes in contraception, or a Church supports contraception, has become a test of patriotism. Mr. Blanshard may argue all he wants to about the morality of contraception. He is certainly free to dispute the Catholic position. But I think he has no right to wrap himself in the American flag when he does. He may deny the religious claims of the Catholic Church, but he has no right to make agreements with him on this subject test how "democratic" other Americans are.

Mr. Blanshard is something of a crusader for euthanasia. Are those of us who believe that mercy-killing is against the law of God soon to be outlawed from patriotic society, too? Will opposition to mercy-killing soon be added to the list of "undemocratic" "policies" which make "Catholic power" a threat to America?

One of the reasons I don't like what Mr. Blanshard stands for is that thinkers like him try to interfere with our freedom at the most personal level. They don't hesitate to tell us when our children should be conceived and brand us as unpatriotic if we don't go along with their policies on how our families should be "planned." It isn't hard to believe that it won't be long before they'll undertake to tell us when, as good and patriotic "democrats," we should submit ourselves to the mercy-killing pill.

JOHN COGLEY.

An American In Asia

"EVERY AMERICAN IN INDIA WHO HAS MADE A GENUINE EFFORT TO KNOW THE INDIAN PEOPLE AS HUMAN BEINGS HAS BEEN RICHLY REWARDED."

CHESTER BOWLES

AS this is written, some seven hundred thousand Western soldiers are fighting on Asian battlefields. In Korea, in Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, in the Malayan jungle, American, French, British, Dutch, Australian, Belgian, Canadian, Turkish troops are among those who are fighting to stop Communist aggression or wipe out Communist guerrillas.

These military actions are essential to the establishment of Asian stability. But any belief that military power alone, without regard for the people of Asia *as people*, can solve the problems of Asia is not only wishful thinking, it is dangerous thinking, because it is doomed to failure.

As I have traveled north and south across India in the last seventeen months, and throughout Southeast Asia, I have become convinced that the key to Asian peace lies where we have worked for it least: among the people of Asia. Hope for peace lies in our ability to convince Indians, Burmans, Thais, Indonesians, Filipinos, Japanese and other Asians that we come not to conquer but to encourage; that what we do is done not from blind fear of Communism but from faith in democracy and the ability of the Asian people to make democracy work in Asia. For if Asia's millions fear and mistrust us, if they are indifferent or hostile to the West and its objectives, not ten divisions, nor a hundred—not a thousand tanks nor ten thousand—can secure the peace.

In the colonial era that still dominates too much of our thinking about the East, this may not have been true. Then Asia's people were indeed the "voiceless millions," relatively easily coerced by an armed and powerful colonial government to conform to Western strategies.

Today Asia, with the exception of China, consists of free and independent nations, with proud, free and

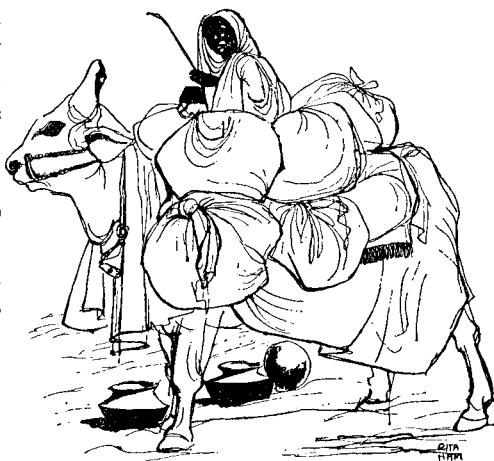
independent governments. Their people have emerged from colonialism as independent individual human beings, determined to secure their rights, to live, grow, worship and progress as human beings, as surely endowed with human dignity as the men and women of the West. What these people want most from America is a simple, homespun commodity: human understanding, plus a strong dose of old-fashioned American idealism and faith in our fellowman, be he

Burmese, Thai or Indian.

If we fail to meet this challenge Asia could well be lost to the free world, just as Mr. Vishinsky so cynically and flatly predicted recently in the United Nations. For the Communists, however cynically and falsely, pitch their appeals to Asian people as *people*—human beings with human aspirations. It would be foolish to ignore the fact that these appeals have a powerful effect.

A majority of the people of Asia, however, are still basically opposed to Communism. Given an understanding of the present issues and faith in our integrity, they will, I believe, guard their independence from the new imperialism of the Chinese Communists as jealously as they fought against the old imperialism of Europe. If we approach them patiently, reasonably and honestly, their ties of friendship can become our strongest safeguard against Communist domination of Asia.

In our task we will be materially helped by the already well-established orientation towards the West which exists in many Asian countries. Nowhere in Asia, perhaps, is this more true than in India, where there is every basis for genuine understanding, plus increasing signs of real friendship. So great are these factors, indeed, that I believe our success in India is the crucial test of our ability to understand and win the friendship of any Asian nation. Certainly if we cannot win and hold India's friendship, we cannot hope to succeed elsewhere in Asia.



Mr. Bowles until recently was United States Ambassador to India and is now on an extended tour of the Far East.

FOR the many people who still picture it in terms of maharajahs, temples and elephants, the extent of westernization in modern India is hard to believe. Almost all of India's governmental structure is Western in design. Its constitution is patterned on British and American models; its judiciary and its army follow the British systems. Nearly all its leaders in government and the professions, well down into the middle echelons, have taken at least their advanced studies in the West, largely in Britain, but increasingly in America. In spite of official designation of Hindi as the national language, English remains the common language of the government, uniting not only the many provinces with regional tongues but forming strong cultural bonds with Britain and America. Colleges and universities teach in English, using English texts and the great classics of the English language.

English-language newspapers and magazines are nationally circulated, are widely read by India's leaders, and are most influential. Books in English, by both American and British authors, predominate in major bookstores. (Significantly, the bulk of Soviet and Chinese Communist propaganda is also printed in English.)

Though much of this Western culture is British rather than American in character, cultural ties with America are also growing. I have found throughout India a deep desire to like America and Americans and intense curiosity to know more about our customs and our people, our principles and our policies. In the year and a half I have been in India, and throughout the fifty thousand miles that I have traveled here, I have felt at first hand this friendliness and interest and seen it grow.

Recently Mrs. Bowles and I and two of our children made a sixty-eight hundred mile trip from New Delhi to Assam, the easternmost province of India, down to the southern tip of India in Travancore-Cochin and back again to New Delhi. In every one of the states we not only saw the chief officials, but visited villages, colleges, hospitals, model farms, libraries, rotary clubs, village community projects developing under our Point Four program, talked with the press, met with students and college faculties. I made nineteen speeches on this trip, to audiences totaling many thousands of people.

Our reception was everywhere overwhelmingly friendly. In the villages, floral arches were set up across our route, crowds of villagers and school children lined either side of the road greeting us with songs, garlands, cheers and welcoming speeches. In the colleges where I spoke, students and teachers listened intently to my discussions of American policies. Though many of the students, in India as elsewhere, have been ardently wooed by the Communists, there were few unfriendly questions. I was pursued by far more autograph hunters than I have ever encountered in the United States.

I had several major press conferences and many individual talks with special correspondents. In each of the states I visited, I was warmly received by government leaders in many fields, all of whom discussed India's problems with complete frankness and unflinching cordiality.

MUCH of this marked friendship for America is relatively new. It is due, I believe, to many factors. One of the most important is our substantial material assistance to India under Point Four, and the fact that this desperately needed assistance came without political strings of any kind. More than any conceivable program, Point Four has given America the practical opportunity to show the Asian people our sincere desire to help them progress and develop as human beings. Working closely with its Government at both state and federal levels, we have in the past two years put nearly one hundred million dollars to work to help India solve the many problems of its people.

Of outstanding significance are the community projects, through which over nineteen million villagers are now being reached with improved agricultural methods, implements and fertilizers, with public health projects, better schools and literacy classes. The response to these projects has been very real and very deep, as villagers, for centuries burdened with despair and poverty, have felt the first hope and opportunity for self-betterment. Important, too, is our Point Four assistance to India's malaria-control efforts, to its cottage industries, to its great irrigation and power projects, to its fisheries, to elementary and adult education.

Our program of sending Indian students and leaders to America for study has also helped very materially to increase understanding. While the actual numbers are not large, the people chosen have come from almost every field—agriculture, science, health, medicine, statistics, radio and railroad and foundry engineering, the press, government and politics and education. Their influence has already been widely felt.

Our information (USIS) program has also markedly increased in effectiveness over the past year. Under this program we maintain USIS libraries in eight major Indian cities, some with as many as a thousand readers a day and with rosters of thousands of book borrowers. Also under this USIS program, we have increasingly arranged for American scholars and specialists to visit Indian universities and meet students and college faculties.

In many colleges, these specialists are the first Americans whom Indians have seen, and they have done much to help further East-West understanding. We have also increased the quantity and quality of our publications and pamphlets giving information about America, its customs, people and policies, designing them

especially to meet needs in areas of special interest and concern to India.

Another good share of credit for India's increasing friendship with America should go to our private foundations in India which have been devoting themselves to assisting in practical programs for the benefit of the people. The Rockefeller Foundation, for instance, is doing excellent work with its malaria control, public health and medical research programs. The Ford Foundation is assisting materially in agricultural training and village-improvement projects with an inspired people-to-people approach.

ALL these factors have played a part in increasing understanding and friendship between our countries. They have done so, I feel, because they followed what I believe are three essential principles for winning friends among the Asian people.

The first essential is a thorough understanding of, and respect for, Asia's fear of Western domination. It is very easily aroused, always with ready Communist propaganda help, when a hasty or ill-advised Western statesman gives the impression that Asians and their governments are no more than pawns in Western political or military plans. It is also easily aroused by any attempt to tie strings to our economic aid, or to dictate rather than suggest how that aid should be used or administered.

The success of our Point Four program in India is largely due to the genuine spirit of cooperation with which our technicians have worked with the Indian Government. We have not sought to impose American methods or American culture or American experts. Our Point Four specialists advise and suggest; they do not dictate. The program now so successfully under way is a program planned by Indians and run by Indians; therein lies its strength.

A second essential to friendship in Asia is an honest effort to understand its culture, its religion and its history. Most of us are appallingly ignorant of any aspect of Asian life or culture. While to a certain extent this may be natural for nations so far apart, we have too long excused inexcusable ignorance behind such outworn clichés as the "mysterious East," the "inscrutable oriental." To the Western colonial "sahibs" and "mem sahibs" who refused to learn his language, eat his food, ride in his tonga, cross his threshold, or admit him to their clubs, the Asian must indeed have been inscrutable, mysterious and unknown.

Every American in India who has made a genuine effort to know the Indian people as human beings and to understand their customs as those of highly civilized and deeply intelligent people, has been richly rewarded. The Indian people, and I believe every Asian people, respond immediately and with immense warmth

to genuine friendliness. Only too quick to detect and resent any patronizing "white supremacy" or indifference, they are equally quick to appreciate, and infinitely patient to encourage, any real effort at sympathetic understanding.

Implicit here is a third essential note in any effort to win and keep friends in Asia: to present to the people of Asia the genuine spirit of American democracy, the spirit which inspires the hopes, imagination and the loyalties of the American people themselves. We must communicate to Asians our passionate belief in the dignity and worth of the human person.

THIS task sounds easy. Actually it is extremely difficult. Today we are a rich and powerful nation. In Asia, wealth is not a sign of democracy but of oppression.

Asia is poor, appallingly, incredibly poor. For centuries, the poor peasant of Asia has associated wealth with crushing taxes, exploitation, and heartless landlords, maharajas or ruling Western "sahibs." Even today the American or Asian who has a car, or a radio or a refrigerator is a "sahib" dwelling in another world.

From the very start, therefore, Americans living with what to us seem the simplest of comforts are at a grave disadvantage in meeting the Asian people as men speaking in common human terms. The barrier is even greater because traditionally all Westerners, of whatever wealth or status, are regarded *ipso facto* as "sahibs" from whom the Asian people for centuries have received and now expect nothing but oppression and contempt.

Similarly, we cannot interpret our democratic success to the Asian people in terms of wealth, in terms of refrigerators, automobiles or television sets. Such an approach is as completely meaningless to an Asian as it is ridiculous to any thoughtful person.

Democracy is neither rich nor poor. The only essential of democracy that has meaning in Asia is its belief in human dignity and human worth: its belief that all men, black, white, red or yellow, are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights, to live and speak freely and to worship according to their conscience, to till their own soil and to reap the benefit from their own labors, to develop to their fullest stature, free from hunger, disease or the darkness of ignorance. Finally there is democracy's belief that tyranny in all its forms—the tyranny of wealth and of birth and of privilege, as well as the tyranny of political power—is the enemy of the human spirit.

We who would seek friends in Asia must believe in and practice these democratic concepts with passionate conviction. For only such concepts will illumine the spirit and hold the loyalties of the Asian people.

We must remember, however, that in Asia today, as in 1776 in America, many of these are frankly revolutionary concepts. For though Asia has accepted political democracy, it is still far from accepting the fact or the implications of social and economic democracy. Large areas, although politically free, live in semi-feudalism. Landlords hold great portions of the land, forcing oppressive rents from landless peasants. Business managers and entrepreneurs exact an almost inhuman toll from powerless, unorganized workers. Unemployment without compensation or insurance condemns millions to idleness. The gulf between rich and poor is so vast as to be incredible to the West. Socially, in its caste systems, in its entrenched hierarchies of birth, rank and privilege, Asia has a long way to go before it will reach or even approach democratic social equality as we know it.

It is precisely at these social and economic inequalities that the Communists have leveled their heaviest attacks and pitched their most cynical appeals. It is among the jobless, the landless, and the lowest social ranks they have made their greatest inroads.

In many Asian countries, certainly in India, a very real effort is being made to narrow these great gulfs and bring about a social and economic revolution to match the already successful political revolution. In India, efforts at land reform, though far too feeble and far too slow, are being made. The caste system is officially unconstitutional, although it will take many years to destroy its centuries-old grip upon social customs. Extension of free elementary education—again though slow—is breaking the privileges of birth and rank, as it has in America.

In my opinion, the gratifying measure of success we have had in winning friends in India has been due in large part to the fact that we have managed to convey to the Indian people some of the essential spirit and meaning of democracy as an instrument for progress in human dignity and opportunity. In our Point Four planning of projects for the people, in our information program, in our individual contacts with the Indian people, I think most of us have shown what basic democratic beliefs are and what they mean in practice. The Communists' violent and ceaseless attack on our efforts is a measure of our success.

Mr. Vishinsky says that we will surely "lose" Asia, presumably because he feels that we will not take the trouble to understand Asians and Asian problems. I earnestly believe that Mr. Vishinsky is wrong. I believe that we can win friends in Asia and keep this great area as a dynamic part of the free world.

But let us not underestimate the problem. It will take the best of America, the best of our people, our ideals and our spirit. It should be the fervent prayer of every thoughtful person that we in America dedicate ourselves to this end, before time runs out.

FROM ITALY

The Political Uses Of Peace

Rome

AS reward for their good performance during the past year, a group of young Communist activists from Northern Italy recently were received by Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti, who is known in inner Party circles as "il Migliore"—"the best of us." During the cordial and informal talk, the young Communists were encouraged to ask Togliatti about something they had often discussed among themselves without finding a satisfactory answer. The question was one often asked them by rank-and-file Party members. And it happened that Togliatti himself had so often met the same question among Party members during past months that he not only gave a detailed reply at the meeting, but later wrote an article about the matter.

The question was: Why waste Communist forces on peace propaganda under present circumstances? Doesn't a contradiction exist between a peace offensive and the belief that if present developments continue, a war between the Communist and the capitalist worlds is inevitable? The young Communists asked if it would not be better for Communists to concentrate on the unavoidable, and assume that peace propaganda already has made it plain that Communists do not want war.

Togliatti answered no. He was speaking long before the peace drive of the past few weeks, but his reasoning cast considerable illumination on the current tactics of the Party. Togliatti said that peace propaganda in Italy was not only to be maintained, but intensified. This in spite of the fact that the very word "peace" has become suspect and compromised in the eyes of many non-Communists precisely due to Communist propaganda. Togliatti said that the greatest concessions were to be made to non-Communists in order to reach even temporary collaboration with them in the name of peace. And the propaganda was to be strategically concentrated in those areas of Italy where the population, independently of its general political outlook, is directly involved in American-led defense measures, and as a consequence has a concrete feeling of personal risk.

So spoke Togliatti to his disciples. The Communist press soon illustrated his words in practical terms. They attacked, with reason, the establishment of SHAPE Southern European Air Headquarters in Florence. The commander there is an American. Not only the Com-

munists but even anti-Communists in Florence are worried about the risks the priceless art treasures of that city would undergo in the event of war. The people of Florence ask why Florence had to be chosen as headquarters for a network of airbases. They have that "concrete feeling of personal risk," and it increases with each new step in the progress of the NATO air force in Italy. Florence is psychologically prepared for peace propaganda, and becomes more so as time goes on.

Other examples: In the neighborhood of Trieste, Communist and non-Communist farmers violently opposed the construction of new military airfields, and in some cases dramatically threw themselves on the ground in front of American bulldozers in an attempt at least to delay the construction of the airfields. They too are psychologically prepared for peace propaganda.

Dark hints were passed about that certain Italian cities risk not only ordinary bombing, but atom-bomb attack—Leghorn, for instance, which is the harbor supplying the U. S. forces in Austria. According to the Communist papers, the shelters built there under American supervision, and at points in the Apennine mountains along the old German Gothic Line, are atom-bomb shelters. There is no doubt that a substantial part of the non-Communist population of Leghorn, and of all these places, has been upset by these Communist "revelations," which were widely read and commented upon. If declared anti-Communists listen to Communist peace propaganda, the attitude of the politically indifferent can be imagined.

THAT is one of the reasons for the Communist peace propaganda in Europe, and it is important enough to be sufficient in itself. It concerns, however, only the countries outside the Iron Curtain. There is another reason which concerns the Iron Curtain countries and is so obvious to many Communists that they



don't even speak about it, and yet only rarely is it fully realized by anti-Communists. This is the fact that the Western world has now completely recovered from the destruction of World War II, thanks largely to American aid, whereas the Communist governments in the "peoples democracies" are up to a far more difficult task. They not only have had to try to heal the wounds of the war without outside aid, but—and this is their handicap—at the same time have undertaken a revolutionary social reform. The reform is one which has taken the USSR nearly a generation, and has included several serious crises. Of the Eastern bloc, only the USSR is now in full efficiency, for—like the Western world—it has had the uninterrupted time necessary for any nation to recover its pre-war economic level.

In this view, the grave economic difficulties and critical food situation in the satellite countries and Communist China do not prove the Communist system unworkable, but only that these countries are passing through the same "infantile diseases of Communism" as did the Soviet Union. Even the purges belong to these "infantile diseases" and in the eyes of Communists are not signs of weakness but of purification and growing strength. These reforms within the new Communist countries are obviously rushed under Russian guidance in order to bring the countries to "adulthood" as soon as possible. But a minimum number of years is an absolute necessity, hence the desire to gain time—even by a peace offensive.

To determine exactly the required number of years is difficult, but the Communist desire to create a new "Communist generation" quickly might serve as a clue. They are concentrating on teen-agers and children, giving them a thorough and severe formation according to the Marxist spirit. When that is accomplished, they feel that Communist social reform will be a fact, and that the new structure will then be solid enough to stand the strain of war.

In the satellite countries and in China, the first truly Communist generation is approaching twenty years of age—the military age. These young men and women have no clear memory of the old system, and take the new order for granted. Every year which is granted before the outbreak of war means a larger "Communist generation" for the Eastern bloc, with a waning of the influence of older, "unreliable" people. This second goal is also worth large concessions to peace propaganda.

IT was against this background that the Italian Communists fought and lost the recent battle in parliament over election reform. Proposed by the Christian Democrat government, this boils down to a prize given to any party or coalition which during the elections

this May gains more than fifty per cent of all votes. The law automatically gives the winners a safe majority of sixty-five per cent in the parliament. In practice, this means that the Communists and their faithful Socialist allies have already lost the coming elections, as in all the elections since the war they have won only from thirty to thirty-five per cent of the votes, and this year they are laboring under greater difficulties than ever.

Italy not only has the biggest Communist party outside the Iron Curtain, but it is also the only place outside the Iron Curtain where the Communists have managed to maintain close cooperation with the biggest Socialist group, headed in Italy by Pietro Nenni. Communists in other countries consider this to be quite a performance on the part of Togliatti. Both Nenni's Socialists and the Communists are aware of this need for unity, and show no signs of division. In fact, they are now more conscious than ever of their need for unity, for divided they would lose all effective power. But a very important change has taken place between them, which has become more and more visible during recent years.

After the war, the Communists dominated their Socialist allies by superior organization (above all in the trade unions), by their dynamism, and (as a Social Democratic leader put it) by their "mystic approach." In addition to all that, the Communists then looked as if they might legally take power in Italy, as they were proportionally more numerous there than Communists then were in any of the Russian satellite countries except Yugoslavia.

Now the internal relation between the Communists and their Socialist allies has changed completely. Both are more and more aware of the fact that if the Nenni-Socialists chose to abandon the Communists, they would be received in the opposite camp with enthusiasm, as brothers of the other anti-Communist Socialist parties of the West.

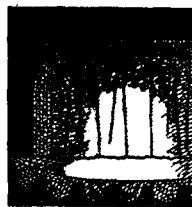
That is why the Socialist leader, Pietro Nenni, a shrewd and violent politician, has an almost unique key position. That is why he recently received the Stalin Prize. That is why he was received by the late Russian dictator and had with him a long conversation, the real contents of which have never been disclosed. The old situation is reversed. The Socialists are more and more in a position to impose their will. And as long as the present situation lasts, the Communists have no choice but to be moderate. The strong Socialist position has in fact moved a number of rank-and-file Communists to pass over to the Socialists. So far there are not many, but the tendency has attracted great attention within the Italian opposition. Even this great price has to be paid by the Communists to gain the ends of their peace drive.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

THE STAGE

ROOM SERVICE

A SPECIAL lunacy—the only justification for farce—is nowhere in evidence during the tedious passage of this revival at the Playhouse. There would seem little reason for exhuming "Room Service"



at this twilit, lamentable stage of our history; can we ever find a road back to the callow, disarming naiveté of these plays with their mathematical precision of artifice, their bland and complete omission of any human qualification or permanent observation of feeling?

I should imagine not. And "Room Service" suffers, moreover, from a surfeit of attention. About it floats the aroma of summer nights and prep school gymnasias, a musky compound of grease paint and ether, footlight sweat and tension, missed cues, unstable scenery, rustling programs and the *Poet and Peasant Overture*.

To capitalize on so potent a sentimental nostalgia might have proved a shrewd gesture for the present producers, but they have chosen, instead, the main-traveled road—and that has made all the difference. Farce without style—especially in revival—has merit only as a period piece, and it demands the eccentric visual approach. Its verbal wit has usually evaporated at first hearing; its situations generally outrage even the most sympathetic and indiscriminating intelligence. What remains possible—and possibly humorous—is a grotesque inflation of personality, a bold immersion in caricature.

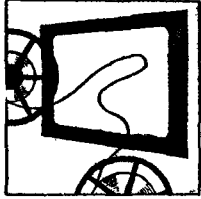
The current company is rather defined by a kind of dreary competence. They perform—fatally—with the casual understatement or the frantic idiocy of actors trained in a vacuum, with absolutely no feeling for the gaudy theatrical quality. They pass over the gaucheries and potentially charming inanities of their material with something of an embarrassed slither; we really don't believe in this, they seem to imply, we're superior—revealing by that very attitude their essential inferiority. Amateur, one might say of them at the last, but without even the amateur's wild enthusiasm, his undisciplined, exhilarating assertion of the self. A McCarthyism of the emotions: this seems increasingly to infect the climate of our theatre. At one pole, the neurasthenia of "Camino Real," at another, the pale gentility of "Room Service"—between them, what hope? I should say: come back, M. Barrault, come back, and show us again the possibilities of the body, of the voice, of the heart and mind—indeed, the possibilities of theatre at all. (*At the Playhouse.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

WHAT ARE THE LITTLE FILMS SAYING?

IT is very often the minor movies, the most unpretentious films, that are the most stimulating. "Bright Road," one of the newest of these, deserves a special round of applause. With a Negro cast, it tells a tender, stirring story about a new schoolteacher, played by Dorothy Dandridge, and her first class. The new teacher takes her problems seriously; she prays that she can answer questions like: "If white people and black people are brothers, how come they don't act like brothers?" But as the year progresses, her special problem is a youngster named, simply, C. T., a boy who was a problem for his former teachers, too—but they found him impossible and failed him year after year. This teacher finds C. T. worth saving; and how she does it is the burden of this absorbing movie.



"Bright Road" isn't exactly another version of "The Quiet One," that fascinating case history of a misfit from Harlem. It doesn't attempt to be the grim study of abnormality that "The Quiet One" was. It is, quite simply, a pleasant, frequently sentimental picture about a Negro school and Negro life. And it doesn't propagandize—unless one considers understanding and tolerance as propaganda.

Emmet Lavery wrote an excellent script for this film from Mary Elizabeth Vroman's appealing story, *See How They Run*, and Gerald Mayer, the director, has handled his cast of children and adults as people—not as symbols or vaudevillians. Perhaps "Bright Road" tugs at your heart strings too often, but it's an honest film with things to say and it says them effectively.

ANOTHER new "little film," "Fear and Desire," could be called "arty," "experimental," etc., but it puts across the idea that war is hell and that the bell is tolling for thee, more thoughtfully in its sixty-eight-minute running time than most features do in a couple of hours.

Four men downed in a plane six miles behind the enemy line have to make their way back to their base. How they do it and what happens to the men is told by a realistic camera and an impressionistic script. Their leader, a lieutenant, at first believes that the no-man-is-an-island idea no longer holds; but the course of events, especially the killing of an enemy general, makes him change his mind and come to the conclusion that we have all traveled too far from our own private boundaries—man cannot take war any more and wasn't meant to.

Stanley Kubrick produced, directed, photographed and edited this film for which Howard O. Sackler wrote the screenplay. It is heavy with symbols—perhaps too heavy for the general moviegoer, who doesn't want to worry about meanings within meanings. But Kubrick's device of having Kenneth Harp play both the lieutenant and the enemy general gives the clue to that oneness of mankind which is the basic theme of the movie: when the lieutenant kills the general he is killing himself.

Although parts of "Fear and Desire" are beautifully photographed, other parts seem amateurish. But on the whole, the film adds up to a strong indictment against war, and it deserves the serious attention of serious audiences.

I THINK Hollywood can, if it tries, make a little picture about little people, and make it realistically. Usually, however, the studios can't resist the temptation to glamorize and overproduce. The latest example of this is "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" which has a pleasant script based on some Booth Tarkington stories, a wholesome and likable cast (Rosemary DeCamp, Leon Ames, Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, and Billy Gray), and sets that look somewhat like an Indiana town in 1919. But everything is fancied up and polished: the people are prettier, the Winfield house and town are slicker, and Technicolor has varnished it over with a postcard quality. The picture has some good old songs and its simple plot is entertaining. But the whole thing needs a little realistic dust—just a touch of what the French or Italians put into their films to make a house look like a place where people live—and the people look like people.

A MOVIE which could have enchanted a large audience if it were done on a "little" scale is "Trouble Along the Way." Its script, written by Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose, is about a priest who heads a college in New York City and a football coach who has been kicked out of the Ivy League, the Big Ten and several other reputable groups.

With Charles Coburn playing the wise old priest and John Wayne the hard-boiled coach, this movie should have been another "Going My Way." It has the same nice, soft Catholicism and wisecracks that win certain Catholic and non-Catholic audiences. But Shavelson, who also produced this film, expanded and expanded until "Trouble Along the Way" became endlessly long. It is a procession of one cute scene after another. But if you are not too demanding about your films, you may enjoy this comedy.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE LATTIMORE CASE

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: The Commonwealth's statement that if Owen Lattimore is guilty of espionage and conspiracy he should be convicted on that score, not for less important discrepancies in his testimony [January 2, 1953], in my opinion, shows a fine awareness of the underlying issues of this case. In contrast, the views of Mr. Brian Buckley [February 13, 1953] represent a tendency in American public opinion which if left unchallenged may contribute to the loss of traditional liberties. I refer to that attitude which, knowingly or unknowingly, condones the improper use of the investigative powers of Congress.

Specifically, there are two points touched upon by Mr. Buckley which illustrate this tendency, neither of them unimportant. The first arises in connection with this statement: ". . . if Professor Lattimore denies that he was ever a conscious instrument of Soviet policy and the facts adduced show that he was in fact, then no person should properly quarrel with a conviction and punishment for perjury." I am not quite sure how to interpret this, but I presume it refers to Lattimore's testimony before the Internal Security Subcommittee and not to testimony which may be elicited in his forthcoming trial. If this is so, then I, for one, would quarrel with a conviction principally because I do not subscribe to the theory that a Congressional investigating committee is a "grand jury of the nation."

The proper function of a Congressional investigation is to get information for legislation, not to "get" persons whom the legislators suspect of wrongdoing. We have law enforcement agencies capable of making adequate investigations in pursuance of indictment and conviction for criminal activity; there should be no need for amateurs in this area. If there are loop-holes in the law they should be remedied, but under no circumstances should Congressmen be encouraged in their quasi-judicial enterprises.

There is little doubt in my mind that the Committee was determined to "get" Lattimore. And if the seven hundred and eighty pages of printed testimony are any indication, it is apparent that Lattimore had violated no law. Therefore, the strategy of the committee was to trap him in contradictions, inasmuch as he could not be indicted on a greater charge, and so to punish him as a perjurer. Lattimore's cross-examination extended over a period of thirteen separate days. It is not surprising that contradictions did show up in his testimony about events which occurred as far back as the 1930's.

A curious aspect of the case is that on all occasions save one the alleged perjury related to activities which were merely peripheral to the serious charge of the committee that Lattimore was ". . . a conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy." If there is evidence to substantiate this charge why didn't the committee recommend indictment on more material contradictions? For example, Louis Budenz identified Lattimore ". . . as a member of the Communist cell under instructions." Lattimore flatly denied it, testifying that he was not a Communist, never had been one, was not under Communist discipline, and was never a part of any Communist organization, apparatus, or network. If he lied, perjury might be material to indictment for conspiracy to violate the Smith Act and the Internal Security Act.

The courts will determine whether or not Lattimore lied before the committee; it is not a proper question to be settled here. But who will judge the truth or falsity of the greater charge of being a conscious and articulate instrument of Soviet policy? And which of us, among those experts and students of the Far East who rejected the view that the best interests of the United States were inextricably joined with the fate of Chiang Kai-shek, will be included in the charge?

It is absurd to deny that a revolution has been taking place in China and in other areas of the East and Middle-East, yet competent and honest men who see more than the hand of Moscow in this ferment are now highly suspect. If their crime is not treason, then it must be that they are very, very stupid. It is needless to remark the damaging effect this attitude has had upon the development of a viable foreign policy for the Far East. Congressional committees functioning as grand juries cannot escape responsibility for helping to create the "illusion of American omnipotence," to use Denis Brogan's phrase, which ascribes the failures of United States foreign policy, mistakenly, to treason or stupidity.

My second objection is based on Mr. Buckley's position that a Congressional committee has a sound reason and full right to investigate activities which may have been concerned with "promoting a climate of opinion favorable to Soviet policies and ambitions, violations of a code of scholarship or of morals." There is little argument about the legal rights of the committee; however, the question which bothers me is whether congress *ought* to investigate our opinions, our schools, or our morals.

Because no state is so firmly grounded in justice that it can withstand the subversion of the myth upon which it is based, the guardians of states, utopian or actual, have never tolerated unlimited freedom for purveyors of ideas. Yet, paradoxically, democratic states by definition must permit almost unlimited free speech, cutting it off only when the danger to public safety is

extreme. Competition between truth and untruth is absolutely essential for self-government, for when dissent is forbidden truth becomes unrecognizable. Admittedly, such a course is dangerous, but the values of democratic life are so precious we are willing to accept the risks of this most difficult of all political systems.

Temptation is always present to limit ideas which appear to be subservient to the State; however, the wisdom of such action is open to serious question if one believes in democracy, particularly when the guardians are Congressmen who confuse defense of the status quo with patriotism, and criticism of their own preconceived notions with treason. Ironically, some of these congressmen bear a striking resemblance to certain Soviet commissars—the revisionists of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*, who like to reconstruct history to conform with the popular orthodoxy. And woe to him, whether Foreign Service officer or area expert, whose analyses written ten to fifteen years before support policies which have been repudiated today. For, to be guilty of the belief that it was in the interest of the United States to give *de facto* recognition to Red China is now regarded in some quarters as *prima facie* evidence of disloyalty to the United States, or, at best, scholarly incompetence. It should be superfluous to point out that the validity of this judgment depends upon a unique interpretation of the facts, and attributes to the Soviet Union an omniscience contrary to what we know about human fallibility.

Congress should not only exercise great restraint in censoring ideas through its committees; it should be doubly circumspect when its investigations reach out to take in our educational system. The present House and Senate investigations of our schools represent a challenge to the well established principle that faculties and administrative officers are responsible for determining the competence and integrity of teachers. It is a sad commentary upon the strength of American ideals and the virtue of our academic community to concede without protest that Congressional investigations are a necessary ingredient for the goals of education. No doubt a few Communists and village atheists will be uncovered, but will it be worth the price paid in weakening our tradition of academic freedom, in creating a suspicion for all things intellectual?

There is already an evil miasma inhibiting free inquiry—a germ warfare of the intellect, if you please, directed by a small minority of zealots whose tactics will destroy democracy as surely as those of their opposite numbers on the Left. If participation in a democratic system is to be an education in virtue, it is absolutely essential to resist attacks of the intolerant and bigoted who seek to turn citizen against citizen in an atmosphere of fear and suspicion which will ultimately make democracy impossible.

THOMAS E. KENNELLY.

CATHOLIC ARTISTS

"Is there a religious noise?"

ANNE FREMANTLE

PROTESTANTISM has historically been estranged from visual art: now the Protestant churches are awakening to the necessity for visual symbols of the holy, and for architecture which provides a proper setting for worship. The criterion of choice was not necessarily traditional religious subject matter or a so-called religious style. Rather it was the power of each work to express something of ultimate significance." So states the brief introduction to the catalogue of the recent exhibition of contemporary religious art assembled and presented by the religious art committee of the student body of Union Theological Seminary.

In one large, banal nineteenth-century room, skillfully adapted and brilliantly hung by Leslie Larsen, a student who is also a sculptor, were assembled works by some of the most famous names in contemporary painting, and works by the less-well-known; abstract works, and works not-so-abstract. The Italians, Mirko, Afro and Cremonini; the Jews, Marc Chagall, Jacques Lipchitz, Ben-Zion; the Frenchmen, Georges Rouault, André Girard; the Englishmen, Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland; the Americans, Abraham Ratner, Michael James, Fuller Porter, were there. Upstairs, in the library, were hung the Stations of the Cross, of André Ratz, almost unbearable in the context of the stuffy bookshelves.

This vital and challenging exhibition raises anew a question once flung into a discussion on Picasso by Father Jean de Menasse, O.P.: "Is there a religious noise?" He denied there was: association could hallow bells, or certain intervals recurrent, say, in Gregorian Chant, or the *vox humana* organ stop, but any noise, whether of a clock ticking, or the second movement of Beethoven's Seventh, was, *per se*, a noise and nothing more.

Professor Paul Tillich, commenting on the exhibition at Union Theological organized by his students thinks otherwise. He wrote: "There are four levels of the relationship between religion and art. The first is characterized by the fact that every artistic expression is in itself an expression of Ultimate Reality. The second . . . by artistic forms in which the expression of Ultimate Reality determines the style and makes it indirectly religious whether the content is religious or not.

The third . . . by religious contents taken from religious tradition and literature . . . the fourth by a union of indirectly religious style and directly religious content. Liturgical art should be created only on this level, and chosen only under the criteria of form and content together. . . . It is the merit of this exhibition," he concluded, "to show examples of all four levels."

Anxious to learn what Catholic artists thought of such problems, and to discover upon what they themselves were presently engaged, the present writer approached several men and women working in the religious art field.

First to reply was André Girard, who has been commissioned by Clare Boothe Luce to paint a chapel, St. Ann's, at Palo Alto, California, in memory of her daughter, who was killed in a motor accident while a student at Stanford.

"There is somebody who has seen my work in St. Ann's chapel and it is Jacques Maritain. . . . Difficult to repeat his opinion, as it was too indulgent. What can I tell you that you do not know about this chapel? Each of the four large windows is eighteen feet by five feet. The panels for the fourteen stations of the Cross are making a wall, all in a row, separated by a narrow window. They allowed me to paint the personages life-size. This makes it possible to see the entire drama as one picture and its large dimensions are new. As for the windows, I painted directly on them. The subject selected was Jesus the Teacher, so one window illustrates the teaching by parable, the second the Sermon on the Mount, the third the instructions to the apostles, the fourth the last instructions before and after Jesus' death. Both works (the windows and the stations) are quite unusual, speaking of the problem they bring. These four large windows have to be treated as one single composition of almost extravagant dimensions.

"Now, if you ask me what the public thinks about it, I shall confess that when a painter is hidden on a scaffolding he may hear about his work in a chapel every imaginable comment. No majority opinion was discernible—only one thing is sure, those who see it are provoked to feel *something*, and it seems to be as I wished. I prayed that they all might realized fully how violent was that crime against which the Divine Victim put up no resistance. My opinion is that in a church it does not matter how talented the painter is if he does not carry the message he is there to give. Too many cheap sweets have been hiding the murder of wisdom. This time, at least, we hope that it will make the people read the Gospel again."

M. Maritain himself, in that primer of the problems of religious art, *Art and Scholasticism*, pointed out the difference between Christian art and the art of the Church. Christian art is art which bears in itself the character of Christianity: it is the art of redeemed

humanity. "There are no rules for giving an artistic object the value of a religious emotion. It can only be achieved by not being directly pursued, and by the artist sharing, in one way or another, in the spiritual life of the saints. In the ages of faith, this was made easy for artists by the common Christian atmosphere." In a cathedral "even Satan has something of God, and the peasants killing pigs are participating in eternal life begun."

Today, as a young Chicago artist, Carl Merschel points out: "the religious artisan-designers are cut off because of their interests, which are morally different from those of their contemporaries." Wherein can there be agreement? And he replies: "in the basic understanding of materials and honest work . . . there is absolute agreement between Eric Gill and Frank Lloyd Wright on approaches to building, function, and so on. . . ."

CARL Merschel, of Alsatian-Silesian parentage, has exhibited at the University of Notre Dame and Chicago Theological Seminary. He is currently at work on a chapel for Peter Maurin House, the Catholic Worker headquarters in Chicago. He believes that "like the Liturgy, the artist (who is unthinkable and an anomaly outside a liturgical world) pronounces both dogma and opinion with equal boldness . . . it is the supposition of the liturgy that every man makes a unique contribution, the product of his one talent, the fruit and patient child of his art. . . ."

Merschel has collaborated with Sister Mary of the Compassion, O.P., in decorating the Catholic chapel at the University of Chicago. Sister Mary did all the painting: two great side-panels, and a reredos, with line upon line of the blessed, in bright color. They are centered by Merschel's crucifix, in glazed clay. The nun's work is bold, flowing: she searches out religious figures like Ramon Lull, Matteo Ricci, Kateri Tekakwitha, Gregor Mendel, Charles de Foucauld. Her paintings are fluent, conscious both of their medium and their purpose.

Sister Mary of the Compassion, born in England, now lives in Union City, N. J. She writes: "I have always aimed at being traditional, which of course includes being modern, so far as technique and any knowledge that is *naturally good* is concerned. But one cannot equate forms which are the outcome of atheism, devil-worship and erroneous philosophies with the Christian tradition. In this country I work for the young, and, in almost all cases, the not-wealthy. They are the only ones who tolerate either me or my work. I do feel so much depends on developing a real Christian culture in this country that it is worth exile to try to give what we have saved from the old Christian European tradition."

ADÉ de Bethune, of Belgian parentage, who lives in Newport, R. I., is as eminently practical as the cloistered Sister Mary. She commented as follows on Professor Tillich's four degrees of art: "It seems to me that he is looking at the problem purely from the point of view of religion, i.e., goodness, which is understandable for a religious leader. From his point of view a religious subject matter comes higher in the scale of values than a sacred form. From the point of view of most artists the reverse is true: they attach importance to true form regardless of subject matter. Granted that these two aspects are often found separately, I'm not so sure whether any notion of degree applies to this separation. I can see what Dr. Tillich means by his first degree, and of course I can see what he means by his fourth degree. But what he calls second (truth apart from goodness) and third (goodness apart from truth) seem to me two equal halves, truth and goodness, which must both be looked after. I wonder if one of them can be put higher than the other?"

Henry de Geofroy, a Frenchman living in New York, also comments upon and, to some extent, qualifies Professor Tillich: "Religious art is art in its most complete form, that is why it is the most difficult . . . there is no easy way out. It must be representative, well done, spiritual and catholic. No cheating or esotericism is possible because it is a servant and not a master. It has a story to tell, the story *par excellence*, and still must be art. Which makes it either very good or very bad."

FRANK Kacmarcik, born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1920, of Slovak-Polish parents, after graduation from high school spent four years at the Minneapolis School of Art, from which he graduated in painting and design. He went off to liberate Europe with the medical corps and spent two and a half years with the army in Europe. After this, he spent three years studying in Paris at the Académie de la Grande Chaumière, and at the Centre d'Art Sacré. During his five years in Europe he also traveled extensively, studying religious art, with particular emphasis on the monastic arts. During this time, he collected an art library of over three thousand art books, ranging from early incunabula to the latest richly illustrated issues of the modern presses. (Easy to do, he says, if you live, as he did, on seventeen dollars a month, and save two hundred and fifty a month to buy books and art-objects. One meal a day is plenty.)

On his return to the U. S. Kacmarcik joined the faculty of St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn. In 1946 he designed and decorated the interior of the Church of the Visitation in Minneapolis. At present he is doing the cover designs for *Worship*, and is re-

decorating the whole University and Abbey of St. John's (the largest Benedictine monastery in the world) including the Abbey cemetery. He has also just illustrated the *History of the Old Testament*, recently published by the Abbey press.

"I firmly believe," he writes, "that the Church is desperately in need of sacred artists, particularly in our time, the visual age of television, movies, and picture magazines. We need sacred artists dedicated to the ministry through a visual theology. This is a vocation requiring a complete dedication on the part of the individual, talent in the arts, a sincere spiritual life, and, in our times, courage."

Already some of Kacmarcik's students are performing, not just promising—for example, the sculptor Gerry Bonnette. Bonnette writes: "Something should be said on the reason why visual form is used as a sacrament or union. The obvious reason is that we have eyes, and through the eyes one can be united with an object. Sacred art is for men's praise of, and union with, God, and for this reason there can be no greater form of art." This is said, too, by another of Kacmarcik's students, Thomas Wahl: "If the Church is to become a part of the life of the people, if the Church is to become *the* life of the people, she must express herself in terms . . . the people will understand and relate to their lives . . . the art and architecture of the Church must expressly speak the language of the people. The Church must express herself in terms of this modern world . . . our churches must be made of modern materials, steel, concrete, brick and glass, and they must be built honestly, with a straightforward use of materials."

Kacmarcik himself concludes "it has become almost a cliché around here that when we define the purpose of our art department we say that it is to present an art that is traditional in content but contemporary in its idiom or expression." Other Catholic colleges whose viewpoint is similar to that of St. John's are St. Ambrose, Davenport, under Father Catich, the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, Cardinal Stritch College in Milwaukee and the College of Notre Dame in Baltimore.

Their program, and their attitude seem admirably in accord with the statement of His Holiness Pope Pius XII in his recent Encyclical *Mediator Dei*:

"Modern art should be given free scope in the due and reverent service of the Church and the sacred rites, provided that it preserves a correct balance between styles, tending neither to extreme realism nor to excessive symbolism, and that the needs of the Christian community are taken into consideration, rather than the particular taste or talent of the individual artist. This modern art will be able to join its voice to that wonderful choir of praise to which have contributed in honor of the Catholic faith, the greatest artists throughout the centuries."

Surface and Substance in a Major Talent

NINE STORIES. By J. D. Salinger. Little, Brown. \$3.

By SEYMOUR KRIM

J. D. Salinger, author of *Catcher in the Rye*, is probably the freshest new writer that the *New Yorker* has come up with in the last five years. His short stories, which began appearing several years before his novel was published, restored some of the old pep to *New Yorker* fiction; here was a writer (one thought to oneself) who could embody the magic of old-fashioned fiction and also create a new form that did justice to today's life.

Nine of Salinger's stories are now collected in book form, giving us a chance to assess what he has done so far. Read together they are not quite as impressive as they seemed when read individually, but they show us a unique talent, and more, a born writer whom one must read to get the "feel" of. No paraphrase will do him justice, but we can, in the broad sense, trace out his literary ancestry and his themes and perhaps understand his significance a little better for having done so.

J. D. Salinger's closest resemblance is to F. Scott Fitzgerald—that is, close in one sense. Salinger is at home with the details of upper middle-class life, and, like Fitzgerald, there is much grace, lightness of touch, and bitter-sweet emotion in his stories. But since Salinger is his own man, and hardly an imitator, the analogy with Fitzgerald ends at a certain point; there is a bitterness and intensity in the younger writer's work which is subtly wedded to the charm, and this combination makes Fitzgerald seem romantically old-fashioned by comparison. But both writers have that particular poignance which results from a lyrical identification with subject-matter set off by a critical intelligence; they are both lovers, so to speak, who are forced to acknowledge that they have been "had," and this gives their work the emotion of subtle heartbreak.

Salinger's "A Perfect Day for

Bananafish," is representative of this. The story is simple: a gifted young man has come back from the war somewhat paranoiac, and goes down to Florida with his conventional, wealthy young wife. We meet him for just a short time, playing on the beach with a four-year-old girl—both are looking for "bananafish" in the water, an invention of the man's which delights his young companion. The climax of their relationship is reached when the little girl says that she has seen a bananafish with six bananas in its mouth. At this moment there is a sense of complete understanding between the child and the adult which redeems the man's pain and, briefly but poetically, restores happiness to life. But several minutes later, when the young man is returning to his hotel room, he turns on a woman in the elevator and asks her why she is looking at his feet—"If you want to look at my feet, say so. But don't be a damned sneak about it." Of course, the woman isn't looking at his feet. When the man gets into his room he casually takes a revolver from his luggage and shoots himself in the head.

And that is the story. It is certainly a "sad" story; but what saves it from being depressing is the author's feeling for textures and situations, and the freshness of his irony. And these cannot be communicated in a summary. The same may be said for the best stories in this book: "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," "Just Before the War with the Eskimos," "Down at the Dinghy," "For Esme—with Love and Squalor," and "Teddy." They are all imaginative, felt (for the most part), and strikingly fresh. They have that invaluable quality, in Johnson's words, of making the familiar new and the new familiar.

But, gifted as J. D. Salinger is, a reading of his stories, one after the other, reveals certain un-nice qualities which slightly compromise his present achievement. Like many virtuosi, he is sometimes more interested in the way he is saying

something than in what he is saying. Owning a keen eye for revealing description and an even keener ear, he sometimes dotes on his superior sensory equipment for its own sake, even though the story he is telling has no logical room for such arbitrariness. Even worse, he sometimes seems to think that there is some high purpose in his "asides."

Being gifted, Salinger is at the mercy of his own gift; and going deeper, one guesses that his sleight-of-hand is often the cover-up for an unsure grasp of the meaning of his material. Like Faulkner in his more inferior moments, this unsureness results in an intensification of surface brilliance, as if to distract the reader from a certain hollowness underneath by a dazzlement above. In the technical sense, this means that Salinger, apart from over-using his ear and eye (he will repeat certain conversational bits somewhat affectedly when the reader doesn't deserve such disingenuousness), will "mark time" in the middle of a story by irrelevant observations, often fascinating in themselves, but not contributing to a well-knit whole.

To reduce it to fundamentals, I believe that Salinger is not quite clear about the meaning of his material; he is extremely deft, sometimes over-sophisticated in his surface technique, and for the most part it is a pure pleasure to follow his artistic strokes. But underneath, where it is a question of values and finally of the iron moral grasp of meaning, one suspects a dodging of issues.

However, one point should be stressed: when you come down to it, the chivvyng of a genuine writer is a form of complimenting him. In the majority of cases the "magic" simply isn't there, and one makes criticism a form of duty; in Salinger's instance, where the gem of his talent shines, there is real concern that the author make the very best use of it. Such freshness isn't given freely, and its ownership implies a responsibility which transcends self.

The Coin of Tribute

THE REALM OF SPIRIT AND THE REALM OF CAESAR. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Harper. \$2.50.

By PIERRE CONWAY

CAESAR would be flattered by Berdyaev's last book. Its principal thesis is that practically everything, even though all too unknowingly, has fallen under Caesar's sway. And what is Caesar? Caesar is any point of view which looks upon existence other than in terms of the coming Kingdom of God. But to look upon existence from the viewpoint of the coming Kingdom of God, of Spirit, is by no means as simple and evangelical as one might surmise.

Before one has read many pages of *The Realm of Spirit and the Realm of Caesar*, one feels that Berdyaev's approach is, to say the least, mystical. His final chapter, "The Tragedy of Human Existence: Utopia: The Sphere of the Mystic," only serves to confirm this. What can one mean by "mystical"? We can say that it is an approach which is not dependent upon obvious premises from which conclusions are deductively derived, but rather one wherein the perceptions derive from affinity to the matter in question—in this case, the Kingdom of God.

Thus Saint Thomas Aquinas, in the beginning of the *Summa Theologica*, states that there pertains to wisdom a twofold mode of judgment: one after the mode of an inclination, somewhat as a husband may know that his wife will not like a certain dress, simply by his affinity to her; the other after the mode of knowledge, in which the reasons for the judgment are set forth explicitly. Theology pertains to the second mode of judgment, where, from the truths of faith, conclusions are logically deduced. Mysticism pertains to the first mode of judgment, where the mystic judges through his experience of, and consequent affinity with, God.

In his successive treatment of man and God, man and the cosmos, man and society, Berdyaev appears to exclude almost entirely the sec-

ond mode of judgment, and to exalt the first, with its absence of reasoning, almost to the exclusion of reason. Not unsurprisingly, he appears fully to endorse the Kantian point of view that our attempts to analyze the world, visible and invisible, as objectively distinct from and comprehensible to us, are illusory. True understanding derives rather from a kind of transcendent divine possession from within, whereby, the duality of subject and object having been eliminated, one embraces all things in something of a divine intuition. This is the essence of Spirit, and its condition is freedom: freedom from so-called "objective" thought, freedom from authoritarianism whether ecclesiastical or civil, freedom from nationalism, even freedom from a freedom which does not recognize human solidarity.

To convince us of our illusory proneness to see the world from our

limited viewpoint, Berdyaev gives telling examples of how selfish, fragmentary generalizations, conditioned by class and environment, come to be erected into laws of the universe. These are the "myths" which influence the course of history. His analysis of the myths of Marxism, and re-creation by revolution, appear particularly brilliant. His book might be called a cosmic examination of conscience.

But conscience once examined, Berdyaev's direction for the future, strongly existentialist, is so utterly free—"A determined freedom is not freedom at all"—that, divinely inspired though it may be, it admits no possible checkpoint. Though Berdyaev's analysis of the aberrations and self-deceptions of human reason is both penetrating and provocative, his total disavowal of human reason as we know it remains unconvincing. Peter's fall and subsequent restoration by Christ taught him, not a new mystical outlook on life, but humility.

A Key to Asia

FIVE GENTLEMAN OF JAPAN. By Frank Gibney. Farrar, Straus and Young. \$4.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

JAPAN today is in many ways as impenetrable as it was two hundred years ago. A unique and ancient complex of responsibilities and nationalisms which is often (and deceptively) called feudal, it has as its instrument the most powerful and modern industrial system in the Orient. Alienated from the sympathies of much of Asia by its actions in the war and now by its close association with the United States, Japan nevertheless will be a dominant influence in determining the future of Asia. It is easy, and careless, to think that the new nations of the Far East are automatically going to continue the generally responsible and liberal course they have followed since the war. An area of half the world, awakening from sleep, crippled by poverty and ignorance, separated from the generations of thought and political ex-

perimentation which preceded the workable democracies of the West—this great and obscure crescent of civilization is closer to us than we think, and holds a critical share of the future of all of us. And we, by our power and tradition, have an equal share in its future, and a responsibility which we have not, in the most recent years, discharged too well.

Japan is a key to Asia. Its intellectuals sometimes speak of bridging the gulf between East and West, and Japan is indeed the most westernized of the eastern nations. That is especially true since 1945, with central Tokyo almost as American as it is Japanese: where drive-in restaurants serving milk-shakes face tea houses, where the Japanese has seen the American in his maudlin drunkenness as well as in his magnanimity.

Frank Gibney has seen the Japanese in the breath-taking brushstrokes of their culture, and in their raw destructiveness. First in the

navy and later as chief of *Time's* Tokyo bureau, Gibney saw enough to do in this book something which is rarely accomplished. He has taken a nation and culture, reduced it to comprehensible terms, fit it into a book, done it without violence, and the product has hard, basic meaning.

He describes the social system of Japan as a web, a mesh of relationships such as no other country has. In this web are five real men: Fumio Shimizu, engineer and former naval officer; Hideya Kisei, a steel worker; Sakaji Sanada, farmer and village elder; Tadao Yamazaki, newspaperman and intellectual; and Hirohito, the one-hundred-twenty-fourth Emperor of Japan. Gibney describes each of these men in modern Japan and through them makes a detailed and accurate drawing of that nation.

It is easily read, but that can be deceptive. It is a serious, conscientious work, and implicit in its story of modern Japan are the premises of the American policy needed towards Japan. If it accomplishes

nothing else, *Five Gentlemen of Japan* should help counteract the persistent American desire to see Asia in our own image, to deal with Japan, with Formosa, China and India as if those places were the creation of publicists and could be altered with scissors and eraser to conform with our convenience.

The best thing to say about Gibney's book is that it is brilliant reporting, and that is a profound compliment, for in these circumstances, honest reporting is the bed-rock of honest thinking.

An Old Bunch

CORPUS OF JOE BAILEY. By Oakley Hall. Viking. \$4.50.

By T. E. CASSIDY

I'M afraid this book, which is obviously a publishers' production number in three dimensions, might click. It is, according to the dust-jacket overture, "ruthlessly frank . . . [with] vivid incidents, packed with action, reaction, and often

shock." It is written by a man who "writes in the great tradition of the novel." That's why I'm afraid. If this is the great tradition of the novel, then that tradition has been reduced to extended but bare, tortured but flimsy, surveys of neuroticism in both normal and abnormal guise. And that tradition had best be once more evaluated in clearer terms and by a clearer example. *Corpus of Joe Bailey* is not even sociology; it is more essentially scatology.

Joe and Peter, Con and others grow up together, and go off to different schools and to different lives, but they are together in one way or another most of the time. Joe is shattered in childhood by the death of his mother, Peter by his domineering grandmother, and Con by assorted conflicts, including the mysterious death of her older sister. Joe and Peter and Con go to college. A lot of people enter their orbits—frat brothers, classmates, people like Laura Lee and Marsh and Polly and Polly's father and Con's father and Con's mother and Con's

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mother's new husband—and well, you can go on and on. *They* all do.

Mr. Hall shows a certain narrative talent as he handles the story of Joe and his friends. He keeps their lives together while they are actually apart, and the episodes form something of an ordered system, even though strained and sprawling. His dialogue and description are, most of the time, creditable and sometimes distinguished. (College boys will be delighted at the rendition of their latrine conversation.)

But this whole story is meaningless in terms of substance, insight, and the basic ingredients of credibility and character development. In spite of disaster, disorder, violence, you cannot take this crowd seriously, although you want to appreciate and be sympathetic toward any victims of elemental chaos. What is really wrong, finally, is that terrible gap in the vision of a large group of contemporary novelists: an understanding of the nature of man. For man is not just sludge to be stirred and dredged by the creative artist. Or, in Mr. Hall's case, it is not enough to have people exploding, when you do not fire at them anything more than an empty shell.

There are broken homes and broken hopes and broken dreams; there are beach gatherings, drunken parties, and games; there are lost weeks and days and nights, and snobberies and discriminations and orgies. All in all, *Corpus* is a lively book, and a dead novel.

Little People

STEPHANIA. By Ilona Karmel. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.75.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

ELSEWHERE, Miss Ilona Karmel has remarked her dedication to "the little people," the unhappy and the insignificant who are unwilling or unable to speak out for themselves. It is a commitment which arouses respect and a certain amount of irritation. Faced by such a statement, one protests at once that, for fiction's purposes, there

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are no "little people"; that it is precisely the novelist's work to expose the major considerations underlying the minor, and to translate the difficult language of the ordinary into the basic English of significance and truth.

Happily the author has come very near the mark in this first novel, the story of a year's treatment of three women in the Stockholm Institute for the Handicapped.

Miss Karmel has used to advantage her considerable resources of experience, observation and perception. *Stephania* has containment and control derived from strict unities of time and setting, and from a carefully worked interaction of dissimilar personalities caged up together with their suffering in a single room.

The hospital atmosphere, its removal from the familiar, its paradoxical stripping of the extraneous from daily life and magnifying of the trivial in the mind, is accurately caught. Faithfully depicted are all the common situations of convalescence, from cold warfare between rival nurses to the inmates' fretful suspicion that the doctors are more concerned with the disease than with the patient.

And the personalities, the intelligent, sensitive and strident title character, *Stephania*, the childlike *Thura* and the childish *Froken Nilsson*, bear the authority of observation.

Within such framework the theme—of hope offered, and withheld, and finally withdrawn—exerts its own authority, bleakly and with pain.

For all this, the nagging notion persists that some essential element is missing. Does close observation really reveal "little people," even in hospitals, so uniformly bitter or so passive as these? Is determination always so grim? Would one never find, even in an institute for the handicapped, one who occasionally took himself and his associates less than intensely?

One puts these questions at the risk of creating an impression of extreme callousness, because they seem to arise naturally from the parti-colored context of human na-

ture and relationships. Any dissection of suffering as exact as this one raises the problem of the coin's obverse. We think not of pietism, nor "making the best of a bad bargain," nor "keeping a stiff upper lip," but of that development whose one end is the wry joke wrenched out of pain, and whose other is joy.

It would be specious to insist that pain *per se* is ennobling, or that sorrow automatically breeds the inspiration of hope. Yet to give short-weight to this component, it would seem, is to give the lie to experience. In support of which theory, one might respectfully submit Anne Frank's *Diary of a Young Girl*.

The Mellowness of Mr. Maugham

THE VAGRANT MOOD: Six Essays. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday. \$3.

By NICHOLAS JOOST

AN active dislike of Mr. Maugham's latest book would be hard to understand. Disagreement comes easily, particularly in those essays concerned with painting and esthetics; but even here one is won over by the writer's charm and urbanity and ripeness. For he is, this gentleman who next year will be eighty, utterly winning in his literary manners; not for him exist the astringencies and stridencies of other, younger essayists. However disparate the subject matter, his vagrant mood possesses a remarkable unity of expression. The tone throughout is that of gentle, ever so slightly sardonic litotes, lightened occasionally by a ripple of cool amusement, a warm glint of recollected affection.

The first and last essays in *The Vagrant Mood* might be excerpts from an as yet unpublished and quite discreet memoir. "Augustus" is a portrait of Augustus Hare, the Victorian writer of tourist guide-books, who befriended an obscure young man and who here is written up—with the aid, to be sure, of Augustus's own incomplete six-volume autobiography and unpublished journals—by that very person. This essay is more than an affectionate biographical study; it also purports to be a picture of a late-Victorian household in operation, and for good measure we get a bewildering amount of county family history and some discussion of the literary work of Augustus Hare. Rather more malicious are

the much briefer sketches in the final essay, "Some Novelists I Have Known," of Henry James ("The death of a member of the lower orders could be trusted to give him a mild chuckle"), H. G. Wells (remarkably discreet despite the paragraph beginning "H. G. had strong sexual instincts"), and Arnold Bennett ("He was cocksure and bump-tious, and he was rather common").

The core of the book consists of two genial, hard-bitten, and altogether authoritative essays that are real additions to the body of literary criticism in the language: "The Decline and Fall of the Detective Story," and "After Reading Burke." From the former we learn of Mr. Maugham's admiration for what he calls the "hard-boiled" detective story as practiced by its two masters, Hammett and Chandler. He nevertheless concludes that "the enormous success these two writers have had . . . has killed the genre." The essay on Burke is a detailed discussion of the style of that writer from the aspects of historical influence, biography, oratory, grammar, and rhetoric. The discussion of Burke's rhetoric is masterly and is the living sort of criticism that is worth dozens of courses in Freshman English.

As I have intimated, *The Vagrant Mood* does have its weaknesses; these are the two essays "Zurbaran" and "Reflections on a Certain Book." The first is a biographical and (for want of a better word) statistical account of the Spanish baroque painter. It fails mainly because Mr. Maugham fails to specify his reasons for the fine enthusiasm he displays for Zurbaran. It is all

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very well to remark of a still-life one likes that "It is as simple and straightforward as all Zurbaran's work; yet it is of a staggering beauty." This hardly satisfies the reader's curiosity about Zurbaran's achievement, however. As for the "Reflections on a Certain Book," it need not be taken seriously except possibly as an intimation of Mr. Maugham's own esthetic; but even in this respect the essay seems superfluous. Mr. Maugham's analysis of the certain book, which happens to be Kant's *Critique of the Power of Judgment*, is the only unfortunate, amateurish, botched job in his volume; his ripostes to Kant are both too occasional and too mistaken to draw blood; and, finally, we do not gain from all this business a sufficiently fair and coherent statement by Mr. Maugham of his own esthetic creed.

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